

## A New Song.

ONE Evening at Tea,  
Says Lord Fiddle de Dee,  
To York I'm determin'd to go,  
For I will if I can,  
Be a Parliament Man,  
My dear, said my Lady, no—no.  
Tol de rol, tol de rol, &c.

Of this be assured,  
That you ought to be cured,  
Of Elections and Matters of State;  
For Pom'fret you know  
Will too clearly shew  
Our Disasters were heavy and great.  
Tol de rol, &c.

My Dear, if you please,  
Pray do not thus tease,  
I beg you'll be easy and civil;  
I can soon you will see,  
An Ambassador be,  
And the Freemen may go to the Devil.  
Tol de rol, &c.

But as I'm a sinner,  
I can't talk *before Dinner*,  
So to help me I'll get DICKY MILNES,  
Who—in a few Days,  
Can *prepare*, with great ease,  
A fine Speech that will *cure all our Ills*.  
Tol de rol, &c.